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Clark, Daniel

Eulogy on the Life and Character of Abraham Lincoln ...June 1st, 1865

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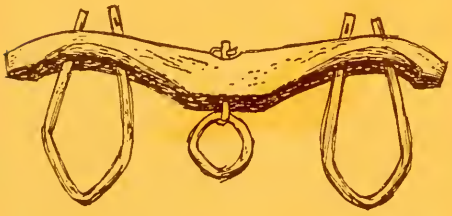

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EULOGY

ON

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

BEFORE

THE CITY GOVERNMENT OF MANCHESTER, N. H.

JUNE 1st, 1865.

BY DANIEL CLARK.

MANCHESTER, N. H.
MIRROR STEAM JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.
1865.

Richard Barksdale Harwell

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CITY OF MANCHESTER.

City Clerk's Office, June 7, 1865.

Hon. Daniel Clark,—

Sir: I have the honor to be charged with communicating to you a copy of a Resolution passed by the City Council last evening:

Resolved, by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of Manchester, in City Council assembled, as follows: That the thanks of the City be tendered to the Hon. Daniel Clark, Senator in Congress from this State, for the very able and eloquent Eulogy pronounced by him before the City Council and citizens of Manchester, upon the life and character of our late illustrious President, Abraham Lincoln, upon the occasion of the late National Fast, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

In accordance with the above Resolution, you are solicited to furnish a copy of the Eulogy at your earliest convenience.

By order and in behalf of the City Council.

Yours very respectfully,

J. E. BENNETT, *City Clerk.*

Manchester, June 7th, 1865.

J. E. Bennett, Esq.,

City Clerk of Manchester,—

Dear Sir: I have received your note of this date, communicating a copy of the Resolution of the Mayor and Aldermen and Common Council.

While I cannot but feel that no eulogy can do full and ample justice to the life and character of our lamented President, I do not feel at liberty to disregard the wishes of the City Council so kindly expressed, and I submit herewith a copy for publication.

Very truly,

Your ob't serv't,

DAN'L CLARK.

EULOGY.

The Winter and Spring of 1861 was one of alarming anxiety and of fearful forebodings in these United States. The fabric of government was tottering, and a house divided against itself was threatening to fall. State after State was seceding, and declaring itself, if not hostile to, independent of the Union. The citizens of such States were seizing upon the arsenals and fortifications within their boundaries, and appropriating to a hostile purpose the arms and munitions of war found therein; and that the supply should be abundant, the Secretary of War, with especial care and pains-taking, had transported large quantities from Northern to Southern depots, and left them with guards and garrisons that could be easily overcome. Batteries were being reared and guns mounted and shotted against forts still floating the old flag, and every preparation was being made to cast off the authority and overthrow a government which had conferred nothing but blessings, and those in plentiful supply.

The people of these seceding States openly avowed their purpose—a dismemberment and destruction of the Union—and they as openly declared that any attempt to maintain or re-establish the Federal government, or to execute its laws within their boundaries, would be promptly met with force and arms; that they would encounter and submit to all the horrors and devastation of civil war rather than sub-

mit to the rule of a government they had heretofore administered, but could no longer control.

The army had been sent to remote frontiers, whence it could not be at once recalled, or gathered in Texas, where it could easily be betrayed and surrendered. The navy was scattered in foreign seas, and the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy were more than suspected of meditating treason or of sympathizing with the conspirators. There were vague rumors that the votes for President and Vice President would not be opened and counted on the day fixed by law; that the President elect would not be inaugurated, and that by a *coup d'etat* the government would be seized, the chosen candidates rejected, and usurpers installed in their places. Congress had been unable to do anything to meet the crisis. Each House had appointed committees, proposed bases of settlement, but they had been unable to agree to anything satisfactory. A Peace Congress was in session, but it had hitherto failed in its mission, and was not likely to accomplish anything adequate to the emergency. Missives and letters announced far in advance that nothing could be done, and the lightning of the telegraph was used to kindle the flames of civil war.

The pillars of State were crashing down, as if in the grasp of some modern political blind Sampson, while amid the confusion and uproar of civil commotion, or rather in advance of much of it, and as if inviting and to make way for it, the piteous confession of the weak man at the head of the government, he who should have, and who might have, breasted and resisted the storm, was heard—that this menace, this violence, this secession and outrage was wrong, clearly and constitutionally wrong, but he could not prevent it—that there was "no power to coerce a State into submission which was attempting to withdraw, or had actually withdrawn from the confederacy."

In the city of Washington this alarm was personal as well as general and political. Gen. Scott had summoned what

men he could command to the defence of the Capital, but they were few and far insufficient, while the secessionists of Maryland and Virginia daily threatened to seize the public buildings and all the departments of the government. These buildings were filled with an armed police, and ready at any moment to be barricaded as if in a state of siege. Whether the Capital was in a friendly or an unfriendly territory could not well be determined. The people of Washington were divided, some loyal, and some—more, perhaps—disloyal; while many who, like Lee, had been educated and supported by the government, were ready not only to desert it, but to assist its enemies, and by and by to starve the soldiers of a government which had fed them. Men slept uneasily in their beds, with arms within their reach, while others patrolled the streets with arms in their hands. There was a "fearful looking for that which was to come."

In the midst of this alarm and these forebodings, it was whispered one morning that Abraham Lincoln was in the city; that he had come in the darkness of the night to escape assassination in the city of Baltimore! The rumor ran, but men heard it with a shake of the head; they gathered in knots; they mentioned it in low tones and incredulous speech. It could not be so. No one would attack the chief magistrate elect. He was needlessly alarmed. And even his friends felt, perhaps, that if he had come openly and fearlessly, he could have come safely. And when the train which was regularly to have brought him came through Baltimore, and was surrounded by fiends, hooting and crying, "Where is he?" ready to do violence, men would not agree that it was anything more than a discourteous outbreak of passion and rudeness, meaning no further harm. Men still would not believe that assassination was really intended. It could not be so. They knew—some of them, certainly, and all might have known—that Wigfall had sat in the Senate chamber with the drawer of his desk full of cartridges and percussion caps, and that he had been "put

up" by his peers in the Senate to insult Governor Andrew Johnson of Tennessee with offensive speech, hoping thereby to provoke a challenge and then to kill him, because he, of all the Southern Senators, was

"Faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he."

But they would not believe any one would assassinate the nation's chosen. They had not become so used then to scenes of blood, and little knew of the terrible malignity of those passions which had been "set on fire of hell." "To fight a duel," they said, "was chivalrous and like the New World, but to strike with the dagger or the bullet by stealth was like the Old World — dastardly, cowardly, mean, felonious."

But, my fellow-citizens, these doubts must now remove. The great and good man has at last fallen by the hand of an assassin, and that assassin cradled near Baltimore. He came to Washington in a sleeping car, to escape death, and that he might perform the fearfully heroic work which Providence gave him to do. He has gone from Washington —his work done—in a car, sleeping that long sleep from which he shall not awaken until the reveille of that morning when the great Commander-in-Chief shall summon all earth's army corps to their last review.

When he left Springfield, his neighbors gathered about him, and, as he asked their prayers, they almost fell upon his neck and wept sore, as did the early Christians upon Paul's when he went to Jerusalem, not knowing what should befall him there. Now again they have assembled around him at his home, but in sorrowing, in anguish and in tears, to commit him to his burial. "May you die among your kindred" was the prayer of Eastern poetry. He died far from home, by the assassin's hand, in the most tempestuous times, but his neighbors have laid him tenderly to rest upon the "prairie bosom of his adopted Illinois." He went forth whither he would; he has returned whither he was borne.

He directed armies and navies, and launched the fiery bolts of war upon the rebel enemies of his country; ostensibly he held the lives of thousands in his hands; but death pointed the way with his pale finger, and he has gone and taken his place in the "silent halls."

Come now, ye that mourn, ye have seen how mercilessly he was slain! and with what "pomp and circumstance of woe," with what crowds and tears and long processions they have borne a nation's chief to his grave; come now, and see with what merciless, relentless precision retributive justice tracks the murderer to his doom.

Silently Booth entered the theatre at a side door, his horse held ready for him without. He passed around on the outside of the audience and entered the passage to the fatal box. The carpenter of the theatre had prepared and fitted a bar so that, when he had shut, he could fasten the door of the passage behind him, that no one might enter to interrupt or prevent his murderous work. There he was, with pistol and dagger. He could see his victim, but his victim did not see him. Approaching unseen, he discharged the deadly contents into the head of the President. Brandishing his dagger, or knife, and striking it full five inches deep into the arm of Major Rathbone, who opposed his progress, he leaped through the window of the box down upon the stage, theatrically exclaiming, "*Sic semper tyrannis.*" He passed across the stage, he reached the door, he mounted his horse, he is gone. So far he is master of the situation. Shall he escape?

The Eye that marks the sparrow's fall beheld as well that leap upon the stage. Who placed that starry flag around the Presidential box, that it should be over the President when he fell? See, it has caught the assassin by the spur—it holds him for a moment—it brings him heavily to the stage. His leg is broken by the falling leap. No, he shall not escape—that flag, which the President in his life had so bravely and constantly upheld, now has made certain the

capture of his assassin. He fled, however, he and Harold, across the Anacostia Bridge into Maryland, through Marlboro' to Leonardstown, and thence into the swamps of that flat region.

And now the President is dead. He lies in splendid state at the Presidential mansion, and in the rotunda of the Capitol, under the magnificent statue of Liberty, which a few days before had witnessed his inauguration ; while his murderer, concealed in swamps, wet, shivering, cold, hungry, half starved, now and then steals out to buy a bit of bread, or potato, or piece of ham, of some sympathizing rebel who dares not harbor the outlaw, wherewith to baffle absolute starvation.

Now they bear the body of the President to Baltimore. He lies again in state where four years before they would have killed him.

Booth crosses the Potomac—the Rappahannock. He takes refuge in a barn, broken-legged and weary. His pursuers have marked his track. They surround the building. They demand his surrender. He refuses and defies them. They set it on fire, as if to kindle about him the flames of hell while he lived. The flames crackle, and scorch him ; he is driven forward by the fire and backward by those who seek him. Harold surrenders, and he curses him to his teeth ; he will not yield ; he defies capture alive.

When Massachusetts men marched through Baltimore the 19th of April, 1861, Maryland men shot them down in the street, and now, when a Maryland man has killed the President of the United States, a Massachusetts man by adoption—Boston Corbett—with fatal precision, hits him in the head, and in the same side of it, and almost in the same place where he hit his victim. He yields ; he falls ; they pick him up and bear him to the air, and, in the agony of his death, then opens upon him the terrible enormity of his crime, and he exclaims, " It is useless ! useless !" They carry him to Washington, and he lies aboard an iron-clad,

awaiting such a disposition as the ministers of justice may award.

Now they bear on the President to his tomb, they lay him in his grave, and thousands crowd to see where they have laid him. In his jeweled coffin, with flowers, and plumes, and costly drapery, they lay him to his rest. "Within a century no man's death has excited," says an English paper, "such deep emotions or created so wide and universal a sensation; around no man's bier within that time have so many persons truly mourned or so many tears been shed." His urn is a mighty nation's heart. Costly marbles shall mark the spot where rests the emancipator of a race and the savior of his country.

But the body of Booth—two men wrapped it in a gray army blanket; by night they placed it in a boat; they rowed out into the darkness. It is all that is known. From that dark unknown there comes no sound to tell whither he has gone, or where he lies. Whether he rots in earth or is nibbled and gnawed by the fishes of the river, bay, or sea, with a shot or cannon or mill-stone to his neck, who can tell? Hunted like a wolf, shot down like a dog, the place of his burial let none know. So perish every one who shall strike at his country's life or its chosen head, and ever thus may come the remorseful, bitter, unavailing cry—"It is useless, useless."

Let us not, however, in our indignation against Booth and his active participators, overlook the real assassin and the real author of this crime. Booth was but an agent, an instrument. Slavery and the slave power bid the President die, and was the instigator of the hellish wickedness. It conceived the mazy, multifarious plot, embracing and entangling Lincoln, and Johnson, and Seward, and Stanton, and Grant in a web of death. It fired Booth's brain, it steeled his heart, it nerved his arm, it looked out of his eyes, it loaded, it aimed, it discharged the fatal weapon, it sent the bullet crashing through the skull and into the brain of the

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President, it stole consciousness, it induced stupor, it closed his eyes, and it "sent him away."

I do not now refer to any alleged participation Davis, or Thompson, or Tucker, or Saunders may have had in the particular acts or designs of the immediate actors; for they, too, were the agents and instruments of this all-absorbing, monopolizing pest; but I refer to the pest itself—that great commanding interest and power in whose behalf, and to make which perpetual, the rebellion was instituted, and this cruel civil war was forced on the country; which murdered our men in its outset at Baltimore, and Ellsworth at Alexandria; which played havoc at Bull Run; which dug up dead bodies of the slain, burned their flesh, made bacchanalian cups of their skulls; which brooded pestilence and malaria in the Chickahominy; which showed no mercy at Fort Pillow; which guarded Libby and Castle Thunder; which stole blankets, clothing and money from captured men; which laid them on the freezing ground with bare heads and feet, without house or shelter; which stalked about Belle Isle, gloating in the misery it could inflict; and which in the gaunt form and guise of famine went among the men at Salisbury, and Columbia, and Andersonville, and Florence, and with its skinny fingers held the platter of starvation to their famished mouths, and anon came with the dead cart, and picking up the bodies as they lay here and there where they had crawled to die, tumbled them in, carted them away, and "dumped" them into some hole or ditch, first to blacken, then to waste, and then to bleach; nay, to be picked by the buzzards, and gnawed by the prowling beasts of night! It murdered your soldiers, your sons, brothers, husbands, fathers. It has now murdered your President, your twice chosen, in the hour of his and your triumph, and of its defeat. Twice, certainly, it had sought his life before—at Baltimore, and at the second inauguration—for he had been slavery's sturdiest foe; he wielded all freedom's artillery; he had struck the chains from four millions

of its victims, and had set his face for its utter and entire extirpation from every State and every Territory.

Shall Booth, then, die, and slavery live? Shall the agent perish and the principal survive? Will you lament and weep over the effect, and retain and cherish the cause? Will men hang the drapery of mourning about their doors and in their windows for the President slain, and still plead for, or excuse an institution which sought his life from the day of his first election to the day of his death, which it finally accomplished? Then are your tears vain, your habiliments of sorrow a mockery, for ye will not cast away that which is the cause of your sorrow.

My fellow-citizens, looking at this strange scene of violence and assassination—at its cause and progress, one can hardly realize that he is passing through an actual occurrence; but he fancies he is reading a page from the history of the Old World, and a past age. Monarchs and princes of the Eastern continent have been assassinated, but never before a President of the United States. History is said to reproduce itself, and many of the circumstances in the death of the Prince of Orange in 1684 are wonderfully like those in the death of Abraham Lincoln in 1865. But in one respect they are widely different. William the Silent fell when his country could illy spare him, and his last words were: "O, my God, have mercy on this poor people!" Mr. Lincoln died in the hour of his triumph, when the war was substantially ended, the confederacy broken, and their capital captured. Beyond the horror and grief of such an occurrence, the country received no shock. His successor stepped into his place and the government was not staggered. All its functions were undisturbed, and not even the flow of money into the coffers of the Treasury checked. Mr. Lincoln fell as a strong swimmer is engulphed in the ocean. He sank, the waves closed over him, and still rolled on in their majesty and strength, as if there were no sleeper beneath. The government still bears on in all its offices and depart-

ments, exhibiting to the world, without interregnum, its strength and its perpetuity.

What a spectacle to the Old World, where the violent death of a ruler has been made the occasion of overthrowing the government, proscribing its greatest statesmen, supplying victims to the gallows or guillotine, and advancing the fortunes of some more despotic adventurer. Our leader falls, but there is no shock to the machinery of the government, no stoppage, no collision, no crash; but under a new conductor the great train moves on, with no displacement of switch or change of route, to the great depot of restored peace and freedom to all races beneath the flag.

There is an old maxim: "Say nothing of the dead but what is good." "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" Some linguists read it: Say nothing of the dead but what is true. *De mortuis nil nisi verum.* I accept on this occasion both readings. There was so much that was good and at the same time true, and so much that was true and at the same time good, in the life and character which we are to contemplate, that it may invite eulogy or challenge criticism.

The early personal history of Mr. Lincoln was not remarkable. His was one of the many instances where a boy of strong traits pushes himself up under great difficulties, surmounts every obstacle, gains notoriety, perhaps achieves renown, and then dies, leaving a most salutary example, and the memory of a great and good life. So as I have seen a plant force itself up through the frozen earth, or, it may be, ice in the garden, where it was not expected, and grow, and bud, and blossom, and fill the air with fragrance.

He was born of humble and obscure, but worthy parents, in Kentucky, February 12, 1809. He was of Quaker origin. His grand-parents lived in Pennsylvania, thence the family went to Virginia, and thence into Kentucky. His mother seems to have been a Christian woman, for she much desired her son should learn to read the Bible, a book with which in after life he made himself familiar. His father,

feeling often the need of a better education himself, did what his limited opportunities would allow for his son; but not much could be achieved without a teacher, in a forest home to which they were obliged for miles to cut a new road as they went. His youth was spent in poverty and toil. His education, says Lanman, was limited. He spent two years at school in Strafford county, Virginia, and afterwards taught school, and studied law in Culpepper county, in the same State. He removed to Indiana in 1816, and Illinois in 1830. At one time he was a boatman, then an agriculturist. At another time he was a postmaster in a small village, and at some time kept a small store. He seems to have been industrious, and did what his hands could find to do. He was a persevering young man, improving his mind, and with good, if not high aims. He was afterwards a captain in the Black Hawk war, and for four years a member of the Illinois Legislature. He commenced the practice of Law at Springfield in that State, and was a member of the convention which nominated Zachary Taylor for President. He belonged to the old whig school of politics, and was a member of Congress from 1847 to 1849, one Congress.

In 1856 his name was presented to the Republican Convention by his friends for Vice President, but Mr. Dayton received the nomination. In 1858 he canvassed the State of Illinois as a candidate for the Senate of the United States, against Mr. Douglas; and there exhibiting those remarkable traits which so much distinguished him, he won a national reputation. Judge Douglas was a very able debater, a sagacious politician, full of expedients, a fearless champion, a difficult man to catch, and a worse one to hold. Mr. Lincoln showed himself fully able to deal with him. He planted himself at once on a higher ground than his adversary occupied, maintained it with so much ability that he could not be driven from it; and if he lost the Senatorship, he won the Presidency, for it was that splendid contest, and

the masterly manner he waged it, which made him the candidate of the Republicans in 1860.

It was at the beginning of this campaign that he opened his speech with the afterwards celebrated declaration, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other." Little did he then think how soon that point would be attained, nor through what bloody scenes we should reach it.

The personal appearance of Mr. Lincoln was not prepossessing. Many of you have seen him, and need no description. His figure was tall, his limbs large, and, as some one said of Chief Justice Marshall's, hung loosely as if strung on wires. His muscles were small, joints angular, features large and marked, motions ungraceful, posture unseemly, and his carriage and general appearance undignified.

But with all this roughness of exterior, he had a character of singular goodness, beauty, and force. He combined qualities seemingly so different as to make analysis difficult. He was mirthful as a child; gentle as a woman; resolute as a man; sagacious as a statesman; grave as a judge; and merciful as an angel of Heaven. His virtues were many and his faults few, and they all inclining to virtue's side. There was an apparent complexity of character, and yet, such was its wondrous simplicity, or rather transparency, that one could not be with him a single half hour and not feel that he was a man upon whom the utmost reliance could be placed; that said what he thought, and meant what he said.

He was at times reticent, as he was obliged to be by the circumstances in which he was placed; but, if he said anything, you never were deceived by it. Even men who failed to get office at his hands never complained that he had promised and did not fulfil.

There are some men you are never easy with—that you never can rely upon. They approach you walking backwards; they say what they do not mean; they work by contraries; meet you going the other way; shake hands behind their backs, and under a fair exterior are full of deceit and duplicity. Their yea is not yea, nor their nay, nay; but their yea is nay, and their nay, yea; and they are so selfish that they will take advantage of an act of kindness and return an injury, if it will do them any good.

Upon the battle-field at Antietam lay a wounded Union soldier. He was shot stone blind. The ball entered about an inch back of the angle of the right eye, passed behind it, severing the optic nerve, and went out at the other eye, completely demolishing it. Eternal night had settled down upon him, but otherwise he was uninjured. He could talk, he could hear, he could walk, but he could not see. Presently he heard some one near him—another wounded man. "Who are you?" said he. "A wounded man," was the reply. "Where?" "In the leg—it is broken." "Can you see?" said the first man. "Yes," said the other, "I can see well enough, but I cannot walk." "Well," said the blind soldier, "I can walk, and if I can get to you and get you on my shoulders, you can be eyes for me, and I will be legs for you, and we will get off the field together." He did so. He placed the man with the broken leg on his shoulders, and he told him which way to go, and they started; and "be darned," said the man, relating the occurrence to me at Judiciary Square Hospital, "if the rascal didn't steer me right into a rebel camp, and I was a prisoner for my act of benevolence."

But no such man was Abraham Lincoln. He practiced no deceit. He was shrewd and sagacious, but he would not mislead. He never carried a blind man into a ditch.

Have you sometimes, upon some clear, deep lake, gazed down into its pure depths, and strained your eyes to discern the bottom? Now you could see it, and again, passing over

some deeper place you could not, for the very depth; but still the water was transparent, and clear, and pure; only the great depth prevented you from seeing the sand and rocks below. Or have you rode beside some stream of a clear day, or evening, and seen mirrored in its bosom the trees and bushes on its banks, or, it may be, the stars of night? Such was his character. You might gaze deep down to its very bottom, and it was still pure. If there was anything you did not comprehend, it was because you did not sound its depths. Or you might watch its surface, and it would reveal to you in beautiful tracery all the circumstances by which it was surrounded. And if at times the tempest howled, the winds blew, and the lake and stream were ruffled, and the waves run, and you could neither gaze into its depths, nor behold the pictures reflected from its surface, you knew the water was still pure, and would be again clear when the waves had subsided.

His love of truth was remarkable. It could not well be otherwise—a character so good in itself could not be false to others; because if dishonest and untrue to others, it must be dishonest and untrue to itself. A misstatement or a concealment seemed to trouble him. Perhaps I shall be pardoned for an illustration somewhat personal.

During the six or seven days retreat from the Chickahominy to Harrison's Landing the public anxiety was extreme. It was particularly so at Washington. There were rumors of battles, of defeat, of destruction of property and retreat, but no one could learn or affirm with certainty what had happened.

The retreat began, I think, on Friday. So great on Tuesday following was the anguish of suspense, that I determined to go the next morning to the war office, and see what information I could gather. I did so early Wednesday. I found Mr. Stanton and the President closeted together. The latter evidently sad and in much dejection. After exchanging salutations, I said, "I have come, gentlemen, to

learn the news. Have you any?" "None," said they. "Have you no news?" I repeated. "None," said they again, "if you have, we shall be glad to hear it."

"Mr. President," said I, "this suspense is well nigh insupportable, and if at this late day you have no news from the army, I shall begin to be discouraged."

"Mr. Clark," said the President, with a look I shall never forget, "I am sorry you came in here, for when a Senator says he is discouraged, I am discouraged too."

"Mr. President," said I, "you know I am your friend and the friend of your administration. I would not discourage you. I would work for you and the country until nothing is left of me."

"That's the talk," said the Secretary, catching me by the hand, "that's the talk."

"Come," said the President, "sit down by me and let me tell you." I did so, and he told me what he knew of the fearful disaster. We talked an hour.

The disinclination of the President to tell me what had happened, the declaration that there was no news, made no particular impression on me at the time. It was overlayed and obliterated by the great events transpiring. But not so with him. He would never forget it, and more than once, a year or two afterward, when I called to see him, he would say, "Come in, Mr. Clark. You are the man to whom I came nearer telling a lie than to any other man in my life. The truth is, affairs were so bad I did not at first dare to tell you."

But in full measure with his sincerity and his truth, was his kindness of heart. No one could appeal to him in vain, unless the most stringent public necessity compelled him otherwise. Mercy was the quality he loved most, and mercy to his foes as well as to his friends. He would pardon the criminal and the deserter, and often, perhaps too often, let the rebel go. His door-keepers had standing orders from him, (no matter how great might be the pressure for ad-

mittance)—if Senators and Representatives had to be turned away without an audience—he must see, before the day closed, every messenger who came to him praying that some condemned life might be saved. He would have no account of blood to settle. "Some of our generals complain," said he, "that I impair discipline and subordination in the army, by my pardons and respites; but it makes me rested after a hard day's work, if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happy as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family and friends."

This kindness was the natural growth of his noble heart. It sprang neither from policy or education, but out of the virgin soil. When some friends would say to him that they wished he had a little more of Jackson's sternness, he would lift his beaming face and reply, "I am just as God made me, and cannot change." Of all that he ever said or wrote, nothing will be remembered so long or so fondly as that already celebrated declaration of his second inaugural: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." It was sublimely uttered. There he stood beneath the dome of the Capitol; for four years his administration had been made a road of cares and thorns by the enemies of his country; they had sought his life and that of his nation; they had maligned him abroad and abused him at home; they had called him "tyrant," "usurper," "baboon;" they had made his nights sleepless and his days anguish; they had wasted property and shed blood. His native Kentucky was ravaged and wasted, and his adopted Illinois in mourning for her loved and lost. They had trampled on the flag. He remembered Sumter, and

Bull Run, and Fredericksburg, and Chancellorville, and Chickamauga, and still there was "malice for none." And now the tide had turned, and had swept from Gettysburg and Vicksburg, surging up Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, and down upon Dalton and into Atlanta, till it met the ocean at Savannah, and turning, rushed through the swamps, and lashed up the hill-sides of the Carolinas—and again it had swept the Shenandoah Valley, down through the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, across the James, and around Petersburg and Richmond, and the end of the rebellion had well nigh come. He stood a nation's saviour, triumphant over his foes, a victor, and his large heart was filled "with charity for all."

"For Abraham Lincoln," observes the same English paper, "a cry of regret will be raised all over the civilized world." But if I mistake not, they will regret him most who slew him. The world mourns at his bier; but, though late, none will mourn more bitterly than they who will need his great mercy to pardon their offences.

As they bare him to his last rest, poverty in its rags, labor with its hard hand, and wealth with its abundance and ease, came and melted into tears by the side of the rumbling hearse. But more scalding will be the tears of those who weep over the falling fortunes of the rebellion, for high among the mottoes, there appeared on the sides of the buildings by which the procession went, with prophetic significance—like that hand-writing on the wall which made Belshazzar's knees tremble—"Mercy is slain, but Justice still lives."

Through the crushed bones and brains of the President the people see more clearly the deep malignity of the leaders of the rebellion, and they will demand for them a sterner doom.

Some one quaintly remarked that Mr. Lincoln tempered judgment with mercy, but that his successor would temper mercy with judgment.

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Mercy to traitors, he has said with great force and pregnant meaning, may be cruelty to the nation. Sometimes it has seemed to be so.

A blockade-running pilot was captured and confined in Fort Delaware. His friends appealed to the President for his release. They told of his penitence and suffering family. He let him go—to pilot to our shores more guns and more ammunition, wherewith to slay more of the Union defenders.

Union prisoners starved in hospitals and prisons. They lingered from day to day, pining, longing for something to eat, until flesh and strength departed, and their projecting eye-balls glared on vacancy, and forgetting their own names, they sat around and chattered on the ground like so many monkeys; and when this enormous, revolting, fiendish conduct was brought to his notice, such was the tenderness of his heart, no persuasions, no entreaties of friends, no urgency of the public service (though he loved the soldier, and said, "How willingly would I exchange places to-day with the soldier who sleeps on the ground in the Army of the Potomac") could induce him to retaliate on them. "We will not," he said, "be barbarians because they are." And yet, when Congress grappled with the matter, and expressed in unmistakable sentences that the wicked and cruel conduct must stop, or it should be visited in kind on their own men, it led at once to an exchange, and thousands of lives were saved by the utterance of a more determined policy.

At the terrible massacre of Fort Pillow, the world stood aghast. It seemed as if the fiends of hell had escaped and become incarnate. Butchery ruled the hour, and in its maddened passage, nature, humanity and God were all forgotten.

I will not recite the details of that horrid occurrence; but you will remember how loud and general was the demand for retaliation — so loud and clear that the President heard it; and at a public meeting in Baltimore he said, that

if the facts, when fully ascertained, were as reported, swift retribution would follow. But it never did so. The black man was still left unprotected, and the fact that so few black prisoners have ever been returned to us, tells but too plainly their hapless fate.

But perhaps this was wise and well. Sure it is, no cruel act can be alleged against the dead Chief Magistrate. In him the divine quality of mercy shone conspicuous, and no tear was ever willingly drawn by him, no drop of blood shed, no pain or anguish inflicted.

The humblest, the poorest, the feeblest, shared his sympathy and love. He was full of gushing impulses, and if he erred, it was on mercy's side. Allied to this tenderness of heart, was another peculiar, or I should say, notable trait of character—to wit., his mirthful sociability. Under the terrible pressure upon him, his nature was ever still bounding up. It had wonderful elasticity. He would sit down to the gravest matter, and presently you should hear his explosive, clear, ringing laugh, at some pointed story, which, like the sunlight on the storm-cloud, lighted up the darkness, and perhaps indicated the way; for the stories always had a palpable point and application. Sometimes they were exhaustive.

Not unfrequently they took from the dignity of the magistrate, but they always illustrated the subject. They seemed to me like the safety-valves of an engine, which prevented the full heart from bursting. So of going to the theatre. "People," said he, "may think strange of it, but I must have some relief from this terrible anxiety or it will kill me." I have sometimes doubted if he could have staggered under the weary load upon him, unless he could have relieved himself in some such way. There can be no doubt this trait added to his vitality, and sometimes gave him wonderful power. An apt story or happy turn not unfrequently disposed of the argument, and sometimes of the combatant.

Thus in his great debate with Mr. Douglas, the "little giant" had accused him of tending bar, alluding to his keeping a grocery store. "True," said Mr. Lincoln, "the Judge and I have both tended bar, I on the inside, he on the out." Mr. Douglas never again alluded to this portion of history.

This mirthful habit added wonderfully to his popularity, and I have often imagined him in some store in the free West, with his feet, perhaps, elevated on some flour barrel, setting the whole company in a roar, and the delight of everybody about him. Let, however, no one suppose Mr. Lincoln was a trifler. He was not a Nero. He pondered, he weighed the apparent consequences, and he prayed over the mighty interests committed to his charge.

In a letter to a lady, September 6, 1864, he says: "We hoped for a happy termination of this war long before this, but God knows best and has ruled otherwise. We shall all acknowledge his wisdom and our errors therein."

He was grave, at times, to sadness, and the deep sigh that would sometimes escape him, would tell how that great heart was troubled. He gave to the country his almost undivided attention. His industry was remarkable. No two or three administrations had half the work to do which his had; yet he found time for almost everything — did it, for the most part, readily and well. He gave great satisfaction. Unselfish and unpretending, he labored steadily on; sagacious in conception, skilled and shrewd in execution, he accomplished far more than most men could have done, and carried the country safely through dangers and difficulties appalling in their magnitude and complications.

He was faithful to his friends, and grappled them to himself with "hooks of steel." He was constant, and not changeable. If he had once taken a man to his confidence he held him there, and would not let him go. Suspicion, slander, reproach, could hardly drive him to change his opinion.

When Mr. Chase resigned the Treasury, and he felt obliged to select another for his place, he still retained his friendship for his old Secretary, and made him Chief Justice when opportunity offered.

Here let us pause for a moment and remark how Providence has been in all the shifting scenes of this great four years drama. Upon this same high court — the Supreme Court of the United States — in the first, act sat a man as chief who from his high place had declared that fifty years ago a person of African descent had no rights which a white man was bound to respect; and for that reason he would accord him no more now. But if he did not respect their rights, God did, and when the last act came, and the rights of these men, in new forms and aspects, were to be determined, another man sat in that high place. So pass we on. "The mills of God grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine."

But not more faithful to his friends was Mr. Lincoln, than he was kind to his enemies, or those who opposed him. With what a gushing heart does he extend the hand of friendship to his "dissatisfied countrymen" in his first inaugural! "I am loth to close," he says. "We must not be enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cord of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot's grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely it will be, by the better angels of our nature." Surely he had "malice for none," but "charity for all." Notwithstanding, however, this great good-will, and, as it were, beautifully combining with it, he had at times great tenacity of purpose. He came to his conclusions somewhat slowly, did not determine until he had maturely considered; but when he had determined upon a course to be pursued, he followed it

closely and unflinchingly. If he was persuaded he was right, he took no step backward.

Of the Emancipation Proclamation, he said: "I told them in September, if they did not return to their allegiance, and cease murdering our soldiers, I would strike at this pillar of their strength, and now the promise shall be kept, and no word of it will I ever recall." And no word did he ever recall. Though he is dead, that proclamation lives in perpetual verdure, and from it posterity shall gather, in the succeeding ages, fresh leaves for his chaplet of renown.

In intellect, Mr. Lincoln was far above the average of men. He had rare gifts and powers. He could never have reached the lofty eminence he occupied, without them. Born a poor boy, in obscurity, it was his natural force of character, combined with goodness and a love of learning, which gradually opened the way to him and made him equal to the "occasion sudden." His was no adventitious, accidental popularity, it was the growth of rare merit and ability. His perceptions were quick and clear, his comprehension large, and judgment deliberate and firm. He was an able debater — few more so. He saw at once the point on which the question hinged, and he made the whole debate turn upon it. He parried readily and skillfully, and thrust sharply. His statements were always clear; his language quaint, not always elegant, but forcible and selected for his purpose. He always seized the gist of the subject, and with such an apparent persuasion of its truth, that he carried conviction to his hearers.

If eloquence consists in the graces of the schools, then had he little of it. But if he is the most eloquent man, who in speech gains his point oftenest, then he had few equals. And this was alike true in written and oral discourse. He could write or speak with equal readiness, ease and force. Many of his compositions are models. For the occasions, his two inaugurals can scarcely be excelled, while his paper on the subject of arbitrary arrests completely exhausted the

subject, and did not permit of a successful answer. Few men could hit the popular judgment as he could, or reach the popular heart.

But I must pass on. It is time this brief, shadowy sketch of his personal character should close, and we turn for a few moments to the acts of his administration; for, to determine his greatness, we must consider what he has accomplished even more than what he was. He had all the noble qualities of his mind and heart before his election. They made him conspicuous. His acts have made him great, immortal, and with these, history shall embalm him, and the fame and fashion of the man shall thus endure till history and literature shall have perished together.

Could anything be more cheerless, dreary and disheartening than the prospect before this noble, calm and resolute man, when he assumed the executive chair? Half of all the square miles over which the government rightfully extended and over which he was called to execute the laws, was the scene of a wide-spread revolt, ready to burst into a flagrant rebellion. There was a conspiracy to overturn the government within that territory, and to set up another in its place. The leading men were engaged in that conspiracy, and fearfully in earnest to make it successful. They seized upon the machinery of the State governments, and set it to work to accomplish their design. They first withdrew them from the Union, and then combined them against it. They created new legislatures, formed a new Congress, enacted new laws, and soon made it fearfully apparent that if the national supremacy was to be maintained, the laws executed, and the integrity of the nation preserved, it was to be done by force and arms. But how by force and arms? "Before you can march armed men into the South to subjugate them," said their friends in the North, "you must march over our dead bodies."

Where was the force, and where the arms for the purpose? Anticipating our necessities, the army had been sent into

remote quarters, that it should not be at hand for use. The officers were resigning, thus weakening it, and going over to the insurgents, thus strengthening them. Arms were plundered from the arsenals, not only that they might not be used by us, but that they might use them against us.

The government had fortifications, yards and forts in various sections of that country, which, had they been held in our possession, might have served as footholds and bases of operations. But by either a weak indulgence to, or a wicked complicity with treason, they had been left with feeble garrisons, notwithstanding repeated warnings, and they had been seized and were held against us.

Eight millions and more of people were combined against us, in a country admirably fitted for defence, and into that country we must go, occupy and hold it, or the rebellion would be a success. They were a brave and fighting people, skilled in weapons and delighting in their use. They had a fertile soil, yielding abundance, and a product which the world sought and paid for. They had labor to secure that product; railroads, boats and rivers to bear it to market. They had ports to deliver it, and if allowed to be sold and delivered, they would supply themselves not only with the necessities and comforts of life, but with all the material of war.

But how could we prevent its being sold and delivered? Their country was full of rivers, and bays, and ports, and to those places foreign ships would come and bear it away. Will you blockade those ports? How? Where are your ships? In foreign seas. Your navy is not only small, but absent. Blockade the ports! They have thousands of miles of coast, and all the fleets now in the world could scarcely suffice to do it, even if foreign nations would not interfere. But they will interfere, it was said. They must have that product which the South has to sell, and their necessities, if not their inclinations, will compel them to do it. That they would rejoice to do it, no one doubted; that they would

seize the slightest occasion as an excuse for it, all believed; and that they would take advantage of our difficulties and divisions, all feared. Here, then, are no armies to over-run and occupy the rebellious country, and no ships to blockade their ports.

These armies and these ships must be had, or the work given up. Men must be raised and armed, ships procured and manned, or the national integrity cannot be preserved. But how can this be done? There is no money in the Treasury with which to hire men, purchase arms or material, or build, buy, or charter ships.

Was ever a nation so helpless, and so unprepared for an emergency like this? Strong in numbers, rich in resources, we were; but men were not organized into armies, nor the resources shaped into ships, forts, arms, or munitions of war. They must be so before used, and to this task he first addressed himself — calmly, silently, fixedly, heroically. There was hesitation, but no shrinking — moderation, but no lack of will — caution, but no fear.

How well he did his work, history will tell. With the aid of the men he called about him — "*facit per alium, facit per se*" — he covered the ocean with ships, and compelled foreign nations to look on and maintain their itching neutrality, with no intervention, open or avowed — while he shut up the rebellious ports. He supplied the Treasury with the necessary funds. He fought these armies and shifted their commanders, until victory followed victory — and they occupied most of the revolted territory. He dashed his ships by the forts at New Orleans and Mobile, and run the batteries at Port Hudson and Vicksburg, and scattered the enemy's ships at Memphis. He carried the flag at Lookout Mountain up among its fellow stars, and compelled Sumter to bow its head, and receive it again on its shattered battlements. He crushed the rebellion, and preserved the government of his country.

Nations, through all time, shall accord his triumphant

virtues, his wisdom, and his success, and high on that pillar of fame, where they have enrolled the name of the Father of his Country, they will inscribe that of its Saviour.

But not wholly — perhaps some would say not chiefly — does his claim to honor or applause rest on the successful administration of the government under great difficulties. He overcame and put down the rebellion — that was great merit; but in doing it, he struck at and destroyed the cause — that was greater. He preserved liberty by destroying slavery. He made all future rebellions for the same object impossible. He washed from the nation's escutcheon its deepest stain. He knocked off the chains from the limbs of more than four millions of his "fellow-countrymen," and bid them stand forth in their manhood, and has now gone beside Wilberforce to lay these manacles at the feet of Him who bids us all "undo the heavy burdens." There can be no doubt that in all climes and ages, the Proclamation of Emancipation will be one of his crowning glories.

Thomas Jefferson penned the Declaration of Independence; Abraham Lincoln gave it a wider application and a truer interpretation.

Standing in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, on his way to Washington, he declared "he never had a feeling politically, that did not spring from sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence." "If this country," said he further, "can be saved on that basis, I shall be one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say, I would rather be *assassinated* on this spot than surrender it." Noble martyr! he gave not up his principle, but his life, to save it!

> "The patriot, all unused to arms,
> Bewails the clang of war's alarms,
> And mourns the angry field;
> But when his country calls, he flies,
> He arms, he strikes, he dares, he dies,
> And will not, cannot yield."

Wherever this gospel shall be preached, said the Saviour

of men, of the woman who anointed His head with ointment, this shall be told in memorial of her. So wherever shall be spread the great principles of the Declaration of Independence, wherever men shall love liberty and hate tyranny, wherever men shall acknowledge God's justice or reverence his creatures, this great act of Abraham Lincoln shall be rehearsed "*in memoriam.*"

Patriotism and gratitude may unite to rear his monument, they may lay the granite deep and pile the marble high — art may come and chisel it into the most beautiful and lasting forms, but they can raise no such structure as he has builded for himself, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennium.*"

My fellow-citizens, Abraham Lincoln is dead. The President has become the martyr. He has finished his work and sealed it with his blood. For his fame the past is secure, and the future radiant and glorious. As we mourn him on this day of national humiliation and fasting, how beautifully appropriate are the words of the prophet:

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen: to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

My fellow-citizens, the first thought of every loyal heart is, how untimely is this death!

For four years he had toiled in anguish and sorrow to subdue the rebellion and save his country, and now, just now, when his success was secure, when its armed foes were surrendering, when he had been — not as a conquerer, but as an American magistrate — into the capital of the blatant confederacy, and had returned to Washington so hopeful, and humbly rejoicing that peace was so nigh, to our sight "how hard it was to die!"

But, my friends, God has higher purposes than ours. We do not know what the future shall yet unfold. A man may do by his death, what he cannot possibly by his life — and mourn as we may, and as we do, there will yet abide the deep conviction that from this new-made grave there shall

come up a firmer purpose, a renewed strength, and a more consuming, sacrificing patriotism, resulting in great blessings to the country.

He sleeps well, the Commander-in-Chief, with his soldiers —a shining host—bivouacked in the Elysian fields, picketed by angel bands.

Do you say he died untimely? What if he had been slain at Baltimore on his first journey to Washington? What if at the first battle of Bull Run? or the retreat from the Chickahominy? or last Autumn before his re-election? or before the fall of Richmond? or the surrender of Lee?

Rather say, if die he must, that he died in good time, and when his death could bring no advantage to his country's enemies, when it would add new fervor to zeal, new devotion to patriotism, new strength to Union sentiment, and an undying halo to his imperishable renown.

> "We tell thy doom without a sigh—
> For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's,
> One of the few immortal names
> That were not born to die."

Fellow-citizens, these are times of strange vicissitudes. The passing hours are filled with the most wonderful and diverse events. One day there come the booming sounds of victory; the next, Richmond has fallen, and the third, Lee has surrendered. The cannon roar, the merry bells ring out, fireworks blaze, rockets streak the heavens and sparkle in the sky, and joyous men and women shout that peace is near. Night settles down on the land, men lie down in sweet sleep because there shall be no more fighting and no more carnage. But night is startled with a strange shuddering. The telegraph whispers in the ears of the sleepers that the President has been fatally shot, and they rise to learn in the morning that he is dead. And then those bells, but a few hours before ringing so joyously, toll the requium of the dead. Everywhere around is hung the drapery of woe, "and the mourners go about the streets."

From the hights of joy we are plunged to the depths of sorrow. To-day, the good ship sails on the crests of the waves, the winds fair, the horizon bright, and "all sails drawing:" The next, the storm howls, the spirits of the deep are loose, the ship plunges and wallows in the "trough of the sea," and the sky above her can scarcely be discerned. But it is a comfort to know the good ship still makes progress. She is tight and staunch, no part broken. The haven is in sight. The mutineers among the crew have murdered the captain, but the mate stands by the wheel, with irons for the feet and ropes for the necks of those who resist his authority, and he will bring her into port.

> Sail on, "sail on, O Ship of State!
> Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
> Humanity, with all its fears,
> With all its hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
> * * * * * * *
> Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
> Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
> Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
> Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
> Are all with thee — are all with thee!"

Fellow-citizens, it is time this exercise should close. I should fail, however, to accomplish my full purpose, and to do justice to that deep sense of religious responsibility which always pervaded the public life of Mr. Lincoln, did I do so without recognizing, and calling upon you to recognize, the Providence which has guided us in all these great and varied events. There is a God in history, and His hand marks the beginning, and progress, and ending of this great struggle. The most unobservant see it, and the most ungrateful acknowledge it.

Plotting and seeking the destruction of the government for twenty or thirty years, and selecting their own time to attempt it, how did it happen? tell me, ye who can, how did it happen that these rebels should have chosen, above all others, the accession of the administration of Abraham Lincoln, for their purpose — a man cautious, sagacious, de-

termined, persevering and unflinching — loving the Union so dearly that he would almost be willing to be assassinated to save it, and dying without a murmur, in the execution of the work? How did this happen? Could they have chosen more auspiciously for us, or more unfortunately for themselves and their designs?

Why did they not select the accession of Mr. Buchanan's administration? They had formed their designs long before, and they knew the "fashion of the man." Just imagine, now, the attempt to have been made then. They seize the arms, arsenals and forts of the government; they secede; they confederate; they say to Mr. Buchanan, "We are in earnest! we will have a government of our own! we repudiate your authority! we are armed, and will resist force by force!" What would have been his answer? We have it in his message of 1860.

"Has the Constitution," he asks, "delegated to Congress the power to coerce a State into submission which is attempting to withdraw, or has actually withdrawn from the confederacy? After much serious reflection, I have arrived at the conclusion that no such power has been delegated to Congress, or to any other department in the Federal Government."

And so he would have done nothing to save it, and the broken fragments of the Union would have floated away, and been driven by the storm whithersoever its fury might have carried them. Who restrained the wrath of these men until it could be made to praise Him? But again — these rebels were determined to break up this government, and Mr. Lincoln to preserve it. They "were bent" upon a government recognizing and perpetuating slavery, founded upon it. He was equally bent upon saving the old one, whether slavery survived or perished. Said he, in his letter to Mr. Greeley, August 22, 1862:

"My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery.

"If I could save the Union without freeing a slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that."

But upon this non-committal ground he could not succeed. Providence had its own purpose, that the Union should live by the death of slavery, and through that door alone could success be attained.

When this war commenced, was any poor creature more abject and pitiable than this poor slave? One side did not much care what was done with him, and the other sought to rear its habitation upon his woes, and fatten and grow rich upon his blood and his bones.

The war went on, and victory and defeat intermingled and swayed hither and thither, until one side and then the other — they who had neglected him, and they who had despitefully used him — were obliged to call him to their aid and beseech him to fight for them.

One might have supposed, if I may so remark without irreverence, one might have supposed, I say, that Providence would have been satisfied by compelling us loyal men, anti-slavery men, to call him to our aid; but nay, not so. Providence compelled the slave masters, by the extremity of their necessities, to the degradation of imploring their slaves to aid their wicked designs, and then left them to be mocked by their refusal.

When the war closed, the slave marched a freeman in the ranks of freedom, beneath the Stars and Stripes, and he followed with streaming eyes and grateful heart his greatest human benefactor to the tomb. But these men — they who were so proud and noble, haughty and imperious; they who despised the democracy of numbers, thought themselves only fit to rule, and attempted to set up the aristocracy of the few; they who said they were of the superior race and ought to govern; they who were so powerful, who had broad lands and "herds in their stalls, whose granaries wheat and

corn filled, to whom the earth gave of her increase, and in whose palaces was prosperity — these men — what an awful retribution has overtaken them!

They have failed in that which they most desired; and now, with desolated lands, ruined homes, sundered ties, spirits broken, they wander in woods and forests, or hide in swamps or among the mountains, outcasts without hope, to escape the punishment of that government whose power they defied, and which they attempted to destroy.

Surely there is a God in history, and let us reverently give thanks that He has made its pages at last so eloquent and brilliant for our beloved country.

And now, in closing, over the grave of our martyred President, let us renew our fealty to this flag. It has been consecrated by the death of many a soldier, and is now baptized in this richest blood. It has waved in victory and drooped in defeat; but now, "full high advanced," it shall sail every sea unchallenged, and command the respect of every land. Wherever it shall go, there, too, shall go a purer Christianity, and a better civilization — the freedman shall bless it, and the oppressed seek unto it. We will raise its starry folds on high, and no man shall dare to strike it down.

"When Freedom from her mountain hight
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set her stars of glory there;
She mingled with the gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped the pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.
* * * * * * * *
Flag of the free heart's only home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in Heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

H. E. H.
DUPL.

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EULOGY ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ABRA
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